ORIGIN™

PART II OF VI

INNERCHILD

JENKINS KUBERT ISANOVE

I always knew that Logan boy would be trouble.

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Over these last few years he's become just like that awful, heartless father of his. There's cruelty in his eyes now, make no mistake.

When I catch him looking up at my window, it frightens me.

GO AN' SEE TO MASTER JAMES, ROSE... IF HE'S NOT NEEDIN' FOR ANYTHIN', I WANT YOU TO GO DOWN T' THE SCULLERY AN' BRING UP SOME SHEETS FOR MISTRESS ELIZABETH.

LOOK SHARP, NOW... AN' MAKE SURE YOU KNOCK ON THE **DOOR** BEFORE YOU COME IN, YOU HEAR?

YES, MA'AM.

Everything up on the hill has changed, dear diary — and none of it for the better. I fancy the place has become like a rusty old water pipe, leaking away <u>happiness</u>...

...AND YOUR GRANDFATHER AND I EXPECT YOU TO LIVE UP TO THIS ***RESPONSIBILITY*** NOW THAT YOU'RE OLDER, JAMES.

IN A FEW WEEKS TIME, I'M GOING TO HAVE YOU TUTORED FOR HALF A DAY ON WEDNESDAYS, AND YOU'LL BE COMING OUT ON THE ESTATE WITH ME FOR THE OTHER HALF.

IF YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME RUN THIS PLACE ONE DAY, YOU MUST LEARN HOW TO HANDLE THE HELP. I'LL LET YOU OVERSEE THE STABLE HANDS UNDER KENNETH'S GUIDANCE UNTIL YOU'RE READY FOR OTHER DUTIES.

IF YOU RUN INTO ANY DIFFICULTIES, I'LL WANT YOU TO COME DIRECTLY TO ***ME,*** IS THAT CLEAR?

JAMES?

JAMES, I'M *TALKING* TO YOU, BOY. HAVE YOU REGISTERED EVEN A *SINGLE* WORD I'VE SAID?

YES, PAPA.

COME DIRECTLY TO *YOU?* FOR PITY'S SAKE, JOHN, YOU'RE *RUINING* THE BOY. HOW WILL HE EVER LEARN TO STAND ON HIS OWN TWO FEET IF YOU'RE THERE TO PROP HIM UP EVERY MINUTE OF THE DAY ··?

NOT *NOW*, FATHER.

DON'T *"NOT NOW"* ME, JOHN HOWLETT! YOU'RE TURNING HIM INTO A LESSER VERSION OF *YOURSELF!* MAYBE YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THAT YOU LOST YOUR *ELDER* CHILD, BUT *I* HAVEN'T. DO YOU REALLY WANT TO LOSE *ANOTHER* ONE?

ƎAHEMƎ

WHAT DO YOU *WANT*, GIRL? SPIT IT OUT!

IF IT PLEASE YOU, SIR... I WAS SENT DOWN TO ASK AFTER YOUNG MASTER JAMES.

JAMES WILL BE FINE WHERE HE IS FOR THE MOMENT, ROSE. YOU MAY GO ABOUT YOUR DUTIES, THANK YOU.

If you ask my opinion, James is never going to be fine — not with the way his grandfather pressures him. I don't know how Master John has the patience to speak civilly to the old goat.

An unutterable sadness fills the air in the house nowadays. Everything seems so much more — the Old Man seems more impatient, poor Master John seems more weary.

It's only James who seems less than before. He's as pale as a ghost and weaker than a kitten thanks to his allergies.

He coughs and sulks and suffers from morning till night. If it weren't for that dog of his that he loves so much, I'm sure he'd already have gone the way of his brother.

How insufferably tragic we've all become, dear diary! I fear this house is going to be the death of us all.

KNOCK KNOCK

I WASN'T NEEDED DOWNSTAIRS, MA'AM ..

AAH!

WHAT'S *SHE* DOING HERE? GET HER *OUT!*

YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO *KNOCK,* GIRL! GET OUT OF HERE *AT ONCE* ..

I-I'M SORRY... I *FORGOT.*

NOT A WORD, YOUNG ROSE .. YOU *HEAR* ME?

NOT A *WORD.*

... Hhh...
Ξah·Hehh... Ξ

Ohhh...

Oh, LORD...
Oh DEAR LORD...
Ξsnff... Ξ

'LO, ROSE.

I FIGURED YA'D MAKE IT OUT T' SEE ME BEFORE LONG. I BEEN WAITIN' FER YA, AS IF YA DIDN'T KNOW.

I... I HAVE TO LEAVE, DOG ..

WHY NOT *STAY* A WHILE?

DON'T BE *SHY*, ROSE. IT'S TIME WE GOT T' KNOW EACH OTHER, YOU AND ME ..

NNN... STOP IT, DOG! YOU'RE *HURTING* ME!

ROSE ..?

I, um...

I SAW YOU RUN OUTSIDE. IS EVERYTHING OKAY?

YOU DIDN'T SEE *NUTHIN'*.

GET LOST. *NOW.*

DON'T WORRY, ROSE! I'LL FIND FATHER!

OHWW..

SLAP

HA HA! YOU'LL BE *BACK!*

Y' *HEAR* ME, ROSIE-GIRL? YOU'LL BE BACK THIS WAY BEFORE LONG!

WHAT'S ALL THE COMMOTION, MISTER KENNETH?

MIND YOUR OWN BEESWAX, YOUNG HAROLD. IT'S NONE OF OUR CONCERN...

I WON'T ***STAND*** FOR THIS SORT OF THING ON MY PROPERTY, LOGAN. DO YOU ***HEAR ME,*** MAN?

YOUR BOY MADE ***ADVANCES*** TOWARDS ROSE. HE EVEN ***THREATENED*** MY SON.

THIS IS ***NOT*** THE SORT OF THING I EXPECT FROM ANY OF MY EMPLOYEES' KIN. IF MY FATHER HAD HIS WAY, YOU'D HAVE BEEN ***WHIPPED.*** THANK YOUR GOOD FORTUNE THAT I'M MORE ***LENIENT*** ..

YESSIR. I'M DEAD SORRY, MASTER JOHN, SIR.

AND SO YOU ***SHOULD*** BE. IF THERE'S ANY SORT OF RECURRENCE YOU'LL BE HELD ***PERSONALLY*** RESPONSIBLE, UNDERSTAND?

DAMMIT, LOGAN... YOU MUST LEARN TO KEEP A ***REIN*** ON THAT BOY OF YOURS.

OH, I ***WILL,*** SIR.

JOHN HOWLETT
BELOVED SON
LOST BEFORE
HIS TIME
1885-1897

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE *RATTED* ME OUT.

IT... IT WASN'T MY FAULT. YOU WERE *HURTING* ROSE...

SHE'S *MINE.* I KNOW YOUR GAME .. YOU'RE JUST TRYIN' T' *TAKE* HER FROM ME.

HELP! H.. ..*AHHWK!*

HELP, *PLEASE...* SOMEBODY *HELP!*

SHUT THE HELL UP, YOU LITTLE TURD! I'LL *KILL* YOU!

HH-UHH... HEHH... THA'S IT, JAMEY-BOY. WHERE'S YOUR PAPA T' SAVE YOU *NOW,* HUH?

GRRRRRR!

AA-*AAH!*

=UHF!=

STUPID MUTT! YOU RIPPED UP MY DAMN LEG!

CALLIE!

Hhh... Ehh... YOU *STOLE* FROM ME, LITTLE MASTER JAMES. EVEN THOUGH YOU GOT EVERYTHIN' IN THE *WORLD*...

NO! NO!

...WELL, NOW YOU *DON'T*, ANYMORE.

DON'T SAY I DIDN'T *WARN* YOU, LOGAN·· I GAVE YOU EVERY CHANCE TO DISCIPLINE THE BOY. HAD YOU BEEN A *SUITABLE* PARENT, THIS WOULD HAVE NEVER HAPPENED.

MY SON'S BESIDE HIMSELF WITH *GRIEF* AS A RESULT OF YOUR BOY'S ACTIONS. YOU MAY COUNT ON ME BEING A MAN OF MY *WORD* ·· I HOLD YOU RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS, AS PROMISED.

I EXPECT YOU OFF MY PROPERTY WITHIN THE *HOUR*··

DON'T YOU TALK T' ME LIKE *THAT*, HOWLETT! I SEEN THE WAY Y' ACT AROUND US... YOU THINK YE'RE *BETTER* THAN US!

YA CAN'T *DO* THIS TO ME! I'LL HAVE YOUR BLOODY *HIDE*··

I WON'T *HAVE* YOUR INSOLENCE, DO YOU *HEAR ME*, LOGAN? AFTER THIS, BE THANKFUL I DON'T HAVE YOU BOTH *HUNG!*

NOW, GET THIS MAN OUT OF MY *SIGHT.*

I *TOLD* YOU THIS WOULD HAPPEN, JOHN! I WARNED YOU NOT TO ASSOCIATE WITH THOSE PEOPLE.. NO GOOD WOULD COME OF IT, I SAID, WE'RE BEYOND THEIR *STATION* IN LIFE..

ƎHuff... Ǝ C'MON NOW, THOMAS. DON'T MAKE THIS ANY HARDER..

YOU CAN'T *DO* THIS TO ME, YOU BASTARDS! LET *GO* OF ME!

I'M *WARNIN'* YOU! GET YOUR FILTHY MITTS OFFA ME..

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE SPOKEN T' MASTER JOHN LIKE THAT, LOGAN. IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S BEST, YE'LL NOT COME BACK HERE AGAIN, HEAR?

Uhf..!

I'LL GET YOU, *HEAR* ME? THE WHOLE LOT O' YOU!

I'LL MAKE YOU *PAY!*

Rrrrr...

SLAM

I NEVER *MEANT* IT, POPPA! I *SWEAR!* IT WAS ALL *HIS* FAULT!

PLEASE, POPPA... DON'T KILL ME, I SWEAR, I WAS JUST DOIN' WHAT YOU SAID..

I KNOW, BOY. IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT .. IT WAS SOFT JOHN AN' THAT SOFT FOOL BOY O' HIS WHAT DONE THIS TO US.

A MAN LIKE THAT DON'T *DESERVE* HIS PLACE IN LIFE.. NOT WITH THAT FINE HOUSE AN' FINE *WOMAN* O' HIS.

I SAY IT'S TIME WE MADE A *CHANGE* TO THAT.

...AN' WHAT HAPPENED NEXT, MISTER KENNETH? IS IT TRUE YOU HAD T' THROW HIM OUTTA THE GATES?

IT'S NOT MY PLACE T' TALK ABOUT SUCH THINGS, ROSE. BUT IF Y' ASK ME...

...THAT PIECE O' DIRT HAD IT *COMIN'*.

WELL, I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE MISTER LOGAN HAD THE GALL TO THREATEN MASTER JOHN. I'VE NEVER *HEARD* OF SUCH A THING..

THUD

MISTER KENNETH?

Oh, MY...

YOU'RE GOING TO HELP US, GIRL.

LEAVE ME *ALONE!* I'M NOT HELPING YOU..

YOU WILL IF YOU WANT TO *LIVE,* GIRL.

YOU GOTTA BELIEVE ME, ROSE, THIS IS *SERIOUS.* I CAN'T HELP YOU NOW.. WE'RE ALREADY TOO FAR *GONE* T' TURN BACK NOW..

SHUT UP, BOY! SHE'LL DO WHAT'S RIGHT IF SHE KNOWS WHAT'S *GOOD* FOR 'ER.

YOU'RE GONNA SHOW US TH' BACK WAY TO THE MASTER BEDROOM... 'LESS YOU WANNA END UP LIKE YOUR PARENTS.

WHAT *HAPPENED* TO YOU, DOG? WHY'D YOU TURN OUT T' *BE* THIS WAY..

ONE MORE WORD AN' YOU'RE A DEAD IRISH ROSE. NOW *MOVE.*

♪ ...AND WISH THAT HE COULD STA·AY... MY BONNIE LAD FROM FAR A·WAAAY... ♫

"Mmf.

NOT A *SOUND*, ELIZABETH. IT'S ME... THOMAS. UNDERSTAND?

Mm·hmm.

WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE, AN' I'M TAKIN' YOU *WITH* ME. TONIGHT.

WHERE'S THE MONEY?

I COULDN'T HELP IT, MA'AM. THEY *MADE* ME DO IT.

THOMAS, ARE YOU UTTERLY *MAD* COMING HERE LIKE THIS? LET THE GIRL *GO*..

NO! SHE'S COMIN' WITH US!

ELIZABETH? WHAT'S *GOING ON* IN HERE!

BY GOD·· LOGAN, IS THAT YOU? WHAT THE DEVIL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING, YOU BLOODY FOOL?

Unhh··!

WHACK

YOU STUPID, IDIOT·· NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! YOU'VE GONE AN' MESSED EVERY· THIN' UP, JUS' LIKE ALWAYS!

I SHOULD BLOODY KILL YOU··

AND THEN WHAT, THOMAS? WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'LL GO? OR WERE YOU PLANNING ON JUST SWANNING OUT THE FRONT DOOR?

DON'T YOU TALK TO ME LIKE THAT! YOU UNDERSTAND ME, "SOFT JOHN"?

DON'T YOU EVER··!

PAPA? IS THAT YOU?

I HEARD A NOISE ..

BLAM

PAPA!

PAPA... NO! PAPA!

PAPA, IT'S ME! JAMES!

OH, PAPA... ƎAH·HUHHƎ...

AAAH! AAH!

MAKE HER SHUT UP! AND THE BOY, TOO!

SOMEONE SHUT THAT IDIOT UP! I SWEAR, ROSE .. I AIN'T NEVER BEEN MORE SERIOUS IN MY LIFE!

I CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT!

I SAID "SHUT UP, JAMES!"

JAMES .. LOOK OUT!

BLAM

SLAP

NN-AUHH!

AWW... UHH...

YOU KILLED HIM! YOU KILLED MY PAPA!

I'LL KILL YOU BACK! I'LL KILL YOU!

JAMES! NO!

THOMAS .. DON'T HURT HIM! HE'S MY SON! PLEASE!

GET OFFA ME, YOU LITTLE RUNT!

YOU SOFT LITTLE TURD! YOU THINK THERE AIN'T ANOTHER BARREL-FULL WHERE *THAT* ONE CAME FROM? I'LL HAVE YOUR BLOODY GUTS FER *GARTERS!*

I'M GONNA··

··GONNA...

...WHAT DID YOU...?

DEAR LORD ƸƵ

THUD

Oh, SWEET MOTHER OF *GOD.*

JAMES ··

NAHH
HHH

ZONE